The Grub-ſtreet Journal. NUMB. 133

Thursday, JULY 20, 1732.

'Tis then, and then alone, the point you gain,
If no one precept in your works remain,
But ribaldry, *and* ſcandal, *lawleſs reign.*
Thus ſhall all Drury *in your praiſe combine,*
And diſtant Goodman's Fields *their Peans join:*
So far Barbadoes *ſhall reſound your fame,*
And ev'n tranſported Felons *know your name.*

HARLEQ. HOR. p. 46.

To Mr. BAVIUS.

SIR,

AS in my younger days I was a great frequenter of Dramatic Entertainments, ſo I have been ever ſince a ſtrenuous advocate for the Stage. I have been always particularly warm againſt any who declared for a total demolition of it; and looked on them as perſons employed to introduce popery and arbitrary power, as many other honeſt people have thought. I uſed to offer in its behalf, that, however it might be perverted in particulars, it was ſtill wholeſome in the general; that from thence our youth might not only acquire a good addreſs, and juſt elocution, but likewiſe, by ſeeing vice puniſhed, and folly corrected, the particularities of caprice and affectation expoſed, and honour and honeſty come off triumphant, they might be induced to chuſe the good, and refuſe the evil. This, and much more, Mr. BAVIUS, have I hitherto urged againſt the enemies of the ſock and buſkin. But, alas, I can now ſtand my ground no longer; for, as the Stage is at preſent directed by the *Drury-Lane-Managers*, and ſupply'd by their *Farce-Writers*, I muſt acknowledge it to be ſo far from being uſeful, that 'tis not tolerable; and that the extirpation of it is more neceſſary, and would be of more publick ſervice, than of *night-cellars*, *brothels*, and common *gaming-tables*. Surely the *Maſters* of that houſe procured the renewal of their *Patent*, with a deſign of inſulting the common ſenſe, and common modeſty, of mankind; and they have very happily pitched on *Authors*, who were fit to execute ſuch a deſign. I think the firſt new Entertainment they gave us, after the confirmation of their *Grant*, was a *concert* of *cats*, *dogs*, *monkeys*, *goats*, &c. and the firſt new Plays were the *Covent Garden Tragedy*, and the *Old Debauchees*. The two laſt performances, Mr. BAVIUS, having meritoriouſly met with the *univerſal deteſtation* of the Town (inſtead of their *univerſal applauſe*, as ſome of our pander Newswriters had impudence enough to aſſert,) I was excited to look into them, that I might ſee what grounds there were for ſuch a general outcry; when I was ſoon convinced, that they were ſo far improper for an *Engliſh Stage*, or to be exhibited to a *polite*, an *honeſt*, and a *chriſtian* people, that, (unleſs Sodom and Gomorrah had been now undeſtroyed) they were only fit for the hangman's flames. But, notwithſtanding the juſt abhorrence the Town has ſhewed to this impoſition, theſe performances were too good, it ſeems, in the opinion of their promoters, to be given up; a formal defence of them has been publiſhed in the papers, and a challenge to their oppoſers to produce a ſingle paſſage which can be wreſted into *indecency* or *profaneneſs*. This challenge, however diſagreeable, I accept; holding myſelf obliged to do a little dirty work, rather than ſuffer others to be ſuffocated with the mire.

To begin then with the Tragedy. The ſcene of this Piece lies in a *bawdy-houſe*, and the characters of it, as the Author informed us in his Prologue, are *bullies*, *bawds*, *ſots*, *rakes*, and *whores*; a very pretty collection to entertain the Boxes; tho', to their honour be it told, many that were there had neither ſo much taſte, nor ſo little modeſty, as to be able to ſit it out, but quitted their places in the middle of the performance. But, to come to particulars, (and yet I'm aſhamed to come to them too) obſerve the following ſpeech of LOVEGIRLO, Page 13.

Oh! I am all on fire, thou lovely wench;
Torrents of joy my burning ſoul muſt quench,
Reiterated joys!
Thus, burning from the fire, the waſher lifts
The red hot iron to make ſmooth her ſhifts;
With arm impetuous rubs her ſhift amain,
And rubs, and rubs, and rubs it o'er again;
Nor ſooner does her rubbing arm withhold,
'Till ſhe grows warm, and the hot iron cold.

Abominable! ſure a man muſt wreſt with all his might to make any thing elſe of this but the moſt groſs obſcenity. I don't know whether the impudence or the naſtineſs of another ſpeech in the ſame ſcene is moſt to be wondered at.

LOVEG. *Who but a fool would marry that can keep?*
Sounds leſs the ſcolding of a vertuous tongue?
Or who remembers, to increaſe his joy,
In the laſt moments of exceſſive bliſs,
The ring, the licence, Parſon, or his Clerk?
Beſides, whene'er my miſtreſs plays me foul,
I caſt her like a dirty ſhirt away.
But oh! a wife ſticks like a plaiſter faſt,
Like a perpetual bliſter to the pole.

Here's inſtruction! here's delicacy! a dirty ſhirt, and a bliſter, are moſt entertaining images! why this turns my ſtomach, as well as ſhocks my underſtanding. This is language more groſs than even goats and monkeys, if they could ſpeak, would expreſs their brutality in. And as this writer, in the foregoing quotations, expoſes matrimony and recommends whoredom, ſo, in the next, he is as ſtrong an advocate for *drunkenneſs*.

And were it not for wine, I would not be;
Wine makes a Cobler greater than a King;
Wine gives mankind the preference to beaſts, &c.

Here the end of a man's being, and the excellency of his nature, are placed in debauchery; and, leſt the audience ſhould forget to league lewdneſs and intemperance together, the writer joins and enforces them in the following reflection.

BILK. *Wine is a good, and ſo is woman too,*
But which the greater good, I cannot tell:
Either to other to prefer I'm loth,
But he does wiſeſt who takes moſt of both.

The wit and burleſque of this Piece is likewiſe very uncommmon, the following lines I ſuppoſe are meant for ridicule.

Oh! I am mad, methinks I ſwim in air,
In ſeas of ſulphur, and eternal fire:
Methinks I'm mad, mad as a wild march-hare;
My muddy brain is addled like an egg,
My teeth, like Magpies, chatter in my head;
My reeling head! which akes like any mad.

It muſt be an *addled brain* indeed that ſuch ſtuff as this could come from. Is this *burleſque?* Where is the ſimilitude? Where is the point? No, 'tis downright toothleſs, taſteleſs, *original nonſenſe*; there never was any thing like it, and, I hope, never will be. Methinks the writer tho' might as well have left *ſeas of ſulphur*, and *eternal fire*, out of the mad joke, for fear he ſhould meet with them in ſober ſadneſs.

And now, Mr. BAVIUS, I muſt beg pardon for ſoiling your paper with ſuch ſmut, and loading it with the language of Billingſgate and the ſtews; but, as I told you before, 'tis by abſolute force, much againſt ſtomach or inclination. But, that we may get out of the kennel as ſoon as poſſible, we'll take a ſkip at once as far as the Epilogue, not doubting but the Reader has got enough of the Play. Now this bravely carries on the buſineſs of the Piece, and clenches its *moral*; here the Author leaves fiction and the Stage, and addreſſes himſelf in *propria perſona* to the Boxes. What had been ſaid before by the different characters, might poſſibly have been miſtaken: the audience might have looked on it as falſe and ridiculous when it came from ſuch ſpeakers; but, to prevent this, the Poet appears in the *Epilogue*, and informs us, that 'tis nothing but ſolemn truth. Pray obſerve him.

The Prieſt makes all the difference in the caſe,
Kiſſinda's *always ready to embrace,*
And Iſabel *ſtays only to ſay grace.*
For ſeveral prices ready both to treat,
This takes a guinea, that your whole eſtate:
For prudes may cant of vertues, and of vices;
But, faith, we only differ in our prices.

A very decent complement to the Boxes, in truth, and the Ladies will, I hope, reward him for it his next benefit night. He tells them, without any ceremony, that there's no difference betwixt the beſt of them, and the *bawdy-houſe trulls* they had been ſeeing on the Stage; and that, pretend what they would, they were all a parcel of *downright arrant whores*. Here is reſpect and decency with a vengeance, a moſt elegant deſſert to regale the Ladies at the cloſe of the Entertainment; we are mightily obliged to him for the good opinion he has of our wives and daughters; and, in good truth, were we to ſuffer them to frequent his Entertainments, the opinion might ſoon become juſt enough too.

But now, Mr. BAVIUS, let us take a flight look on the other of theſe performances, and have done; for I'm both tir'd and ſick of the employment. The *Old Debauchees* is the Author's favourite, it ſeems; for, in the preface to a piece of MOLIERE's, which he has moſt *execrably murdered*, he modeſtly compares it with the *Miſanthrope* of that Author. This writer then makes no diſtinction between the moſt chaſte, moral, witty performance, and the moſt coarſe, vicious, inſipid trumpery that ever was hatched. Juſt ſo much difference is there between the *Miſanthrope* of MOLIERE, and the *Old Debauchees*. However, it muſt be ſaid for the writer, that in this piece he has made moſt violent attempts to be witty; and how he has ſucceeded may be beſt ſeen by ſetting a few of his flowers to view. Old LAROON ſays, P. 3. *I remember the time when I could have taken a hop, ſtep, and jump over the ſteeple of Notre Dame.* To which the fine Lady ingeniouſly makes anſwer, *I fancy the ſparks of your age had wings, Sir.* Which anſwer was contrived, I ſuppoſe, to introduce the following wonderful witty reply. O. LAR. *Wings, you little baggage, no, but they had limbs like elephants, and as ſtrong they were as Sampſon, and as ſwift as ——— Why, I have myſelf run down a ſtag in a fair chace, and eat him afterwards for dinner.* Certainly, when the Poet penn'd this ſpeech, his *brains were* in a *wild gooſe chace* after wit, and the Reader's ſtomach muſt be as coarſe as the writer's fancy, that can digeſt this *ſtag*. But he kindles, you'll find, as he runs, and grows wittier and wittier. O. LAROON adviſes the young Lady, *not to let a ſett of raſcally Prieſts put ſtrange notions in her head, for that there are no raptures worth a* LOUSE, *but thoſe in the arms of a brisk young Cavalier.* He ſays to his ſon, *At your Devotions! Nay, then you are no ſon of mine; I believe you are the ſon of ſome travelling Engliſh Alderman, and muſt have come into the world with a cuſtard in your mouth.* Here's wit! here's imagery! was ever any thing like this ſpoke out of a ſculler? but this is decent to what follows in almoſt every page; obſerve the next. O. LAROON ſays, *The Devil is a great lover of Muſick: I have known half a dozen Devils dance out of a man's mouth at the tuning of a Violin, then preſent the company with a Hornpipe, and ſo dance a Jig through the key-hole.* MARTIN very juſtly makes anſwer, *Thou art the Devil's ſon.* To which the other replies, *Thou art the Devil's Footman, and weareſt his proper Livery.*

This is delightful jeſting indeed! could the Writer imagine, that any above Draymen and Scavengers would laugh at this? But we have more of ſuch pleaſantry. O. LAROON aſſures JOURDAIN, *That Purgatory is a very warm place, for he had called there to take lodgings for him, that 'twas not above a mile and a half there, and every ſtep of the way down hill.* JOURDAIN *ſays, Is it poſſible that you can have ſeen the dreadful horrors of that place.* O. LAROON. *Seen 'em, Ay, ay, I have ſeen 'em, and a pretty tragical ſort of a ſight they are; if it was not for the confounded heat of the air ——— Then there's ſuch a fine conſort of groans, you would think your ſelf at an Opera; ſome ſpirits are ſhut up in ovens, ſome are chained to ſpits, ſome are ſcattered in frying-pans ——— And I have taken up a place for you on a gridiron.* The Scripture has given us too frightful a deſcription it ſeems of Hell, and painted the Devil and his Angels in too formidable colours; our Poet therefore, in order to prevent any ill effect ſuch diſmal ideas might have on the mind, is perpetually drolling throughout this piece upon Hell and Damnation, and repreſenting the *Devil* as a *Bugbear* fit only to fright children. This muſt be an admirable entertainment for the Ladies, as well as excellent inſtruction to our youth. When ſuch things as theſe are ſuffer'd on the Stage, 'tis no wonder there are ſo many *Whores* and *Pickpockets* in the ſtreets. And now, ſince he makes ſo free with the Bible, no wonder if the Prieſts are ſplaſhed with his mud. I'll give you, Mr. BAVIUS, one or two of his genteel reflections upon them, and ſo waſh my hands, and meddle with him no more.

The fine Gentleman of the Play ſays, That *if you once attack a hornet, or a Prieſt, the whole neſt of hornets, and the whole regiment of black guards, are ſure to be upon you.* O. LAROON, being asked the cauſe of his mirth, anſwers, *'Tis the ſight of an old honeſt whore-maſter in a fit of deſpair, and a damn'd rogue of a Prieſt riding him to the Devil.* Two ſpeeches after he ſays, *Well, I have never tapp'd a Prieſt yet; but if I don't let out ſome reverend blood before the ſun ſets,——I'll make a ragout for the Devil's ſupper of him.* ——— 'Tis a pity but the Poet was ſerv'd for *ſauce* then, tho' 'twould be very

insipid. But he goes on, *I no more rely on what a woman says out of a Church, than on what a Priest says in it. ---- Hearkee, old Gentleman, set the young couple together, and they'll sacrifice their first fruits to the Church. What the Devil are you possessed with? — I am possessed with the Devil. —— You are possessed with a Priest, and that's worse, —— I'll disband such a sett of black locusts, ---- wild beasts,— rascally Priests,—greasy Priests,* &c. &c. &c. ——He compliments *England upon every man's believing what religion he pleases, and most believing none at all.* His belief of the last is indeed the only apology he can make for his way of entertaining them; but then he ought to have taken away their modesty too. And this he really does in the character of his fine Lady in the two last lines of the Play, where she concludes the piece with the following chaste and instructive moral. *The fears of a lover are very unreasonable, when he is once assured of the sincerity of his mistress:*

For when a woman sets herself about it,
Nor Priest, nor Devil, can make her go without it.

Soh! —— I've done, which the Reader, I dare say, will be glad of as well as myself. This writer can't accuse me of wresting any thing, since I have done little more than quoted from him; and this can't offend him, because 'tis what he demanded. If I had either leisure, or inclination, I could go a little farther with him; and make it appear, from all his performances, that his pen is not only void of *wit, manners,* and *modesty,* but likewise of the most common *rules* of *Poetry,* and even *Grammar.* But this, Mr. BAVIUS, I leave to you, and your correspondents; I shall only observe at present, that the *managers* of the *Theatre* are more in blame than the writers, by giving encouragement to such writings, and such Authors, and to none but such. I am, Sir, your most obedient,

PUBLICUS.

P. S. I would advise this writer, that, if he does any thing more from MOLIERE, as he threatens us, he would forbear to *adulterate* it with any thing of his own, or to mix it with such *Debauchee-Songs,* and *Covent-Garden Ribaldry,* as he has done in the *Fore'd Physician* of that Author; which he has mangled and misunderstood from the very *Title-Page* to *Finis.* He might as well have translated, *Medecin malgré lui,* the *Mock-Poet,* as the *Mock-Doctor,* nay, better; for that had been applicable to the Translator, if not to the Piece; but the other suits nothing but the Person to whom he dedicates it.

EPIGRAM.

'Tis strange, you say, in this refined age,
That brothels, bawds, and whores adorn the stage.
I think 'tis not. —— They justly lay the scene:
Don't Drury Play-house stand in Drury Lane?
And own you must; tho' void of wit, or art,
They naturally write, and act their part. F. N.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

C. *Courant.* | E P. *Evening Post.*
P. *Post-Boy.* | S J. *S. James's Evening Post.*
D P. *Daily Post.* | W E. *Whitehall Evening P.*
D J. *Daily Journal.* | L E. *London Evening Post.*

THURSDAY, *July* 13.

Mr. Booth of Drury-lane Play-house hath sold his share and interest in the stock and management to John Highmore of Hampton Court, Esq; *C.*

Christ. Rhodes, Esq; is appointed Comptroller of the new duties of Excise, &c. in Scotland with a salary of 500 l. per ann. *D J.*

The Rev. Mr. Lane succeeds Dr. Croxal as Treasurer of the Cathedral Church of Hereford. *P.*

On June 13, the Sheriffs presented John Read, Esq; to the Court of Aldermen, in order to his being admitted Keeper of Newgate; but a debate arising concerning the form of his admission, the affair was deferred 'till the 20th. The only question was, Whether Mr. Read should be admitted during good behaviour, or only during pleasure. The Council for the Sheriffs insisted, that the former was supported by all the Precedents of admissions down to the present time. Upon which an order was made for the searching of Precedents: and tho' there was not a single instance of admission during pleasure, the Court made an order July 4, 'That for the future no 'person shall be admitted Keeper of Newgate, but only 'during the pleasure of the Court.' And it was referred to a Committee of 6 Aldermen and 12 Commoners to consider, what may be a proper satisfaction to the L. Mayor and Sheriffs, and how the place shall for the future be disposed of. *D J.* — *This worthy* Court *could not think that the many* Precedents *of the oppressions of* Jailors *at all justified them.*

Her Grace the Dutchess of Buckingham is gone from Bologn to Paris to a house she has hired there. *L E.*

The Council Office at the Cockpit, Whitehall, is pulling down in order to be rebuilt. *L E.*

On sunday morning Sam. Walt. Terry, Esq; was married to Miss Bromley of Banbury, a young Lady of great merit, and 16,000 l. fortune. *S J.*

Mr. Weeks, a noted Mercer on Ludgate-Hill, going lately on a party of pleasure on the water, by the furling of a sail, was thrown overboard and drowned on monday last. *D P.* In his passage between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. *P.*

We hear the whole performance of the Beggar's Opera (which was acted last tuesday for the first time at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-lane by the summer Company) met with great applause: there was a very handsome audience, &c. *D P.* —— *This* puffing *was not occasioned by the* great applause, *nor by the crouding of the* Audience, *which might be* very handsome, *tho' not* very numerous.

Christen'd { M. 186. F. 166. } 352. Bury'd { M. 130. F. 194. } 374. *S J. L E.*

Increased in the burials, 15 —— *Diseases:* Aged 25. Consumption 55. Convulsion 128. Dropsy 17. Fever 46. Small pox 17. Stillborn 12. Teeth 20. *L E.* — *Casualties:* Shot himself, 1. Cut her throat, 1. Died suddenly in the street, 1. Drowned 3. Excessive drinking, 1. Kill'd accidentally, 2 by falls from horses, and 1 by a cart. Murdered, 1. Overlaid 1. *S J. L E.*

FRIDAY, *July* 14.

Yesterday morning Count Degelfeldt, Envoy from the King of Prussia, set out for Hanover: his Lady and family remain here. *C. D P.* The same morning the wind was so prodigious high, that the ferry-boat at Westminster (when the R H L Vct. Falmouth was in it, in his coach and 6) was driven down as far as Somerset house, and forced on shore on the sand bank: several of the ferry boats were drove as far as Standgate, and were forced to get 5 pair of oars to each to row them back again. —— Several trees were blown down in St James's Park. *D J* —— *The* several ferry-boats *could be but 2, there being but 3 in all.*

SATURDAY, *July* 15.

Col. Sam Robinson, Chamberlain of this City, is again relapsed, at his house at Enfield, and attended by 3 physicians. *C.*

We hear, that the bills relating to the feast at the late installment having been delivered; the whole charge of the dinner amounts to 1250 l. *D P.*

We hear that the effigies of the late ingenious Will Congreve, Esq; in wax work, at the expence of 200 l. which was kept at a person of quality's house in S. James's, was broke to pieces by the carelessness of a servant in bringing it down stairs last monday night. *D P.*

Dover, July 13. Yesterday my Lord Glenorchy embarqued here for Ostend, in order for Aix la Chapelle. *P.*

On thursday morning an Irish Ballad singer, who frequently cries and sings about streets very scandalous songs and ballads, and thereby raises mobs and riots in the streets, as well as occasions the picking of pockets, &c. was committed to Tothill fields Bridewell to beat hemp, by Sir John Gonson, &c. *D P.*

On wednesday a faculty passed the seal for the solemnization of matrimony between Columbine Lee Carré of Cork, Esq; and Mrs. Eliz. Julia Bavand of S. Anne's West. a young Lady of 10,000 l. fortune, and the ceremony was performed the same day. *P.*

On wednesday about 11 at night [thursday morning about 1. *P. D J.*] Mr. Seager one of the Clerks belonging to the Treasury, came to the Feathers tavern in Castle-street, and desired he might lodge there, called for half a pint of red wine, desired the key to lock himself in, and bid the drawer call him at 8, [saying if he did not, it would be at least 10 l. out of his pocket. *D J.*] The drawer called at the time, but no body answered, [he heard him groan. *P. D J.*] and the door being broken open, they found him almost expiring: his head was swelled very much, [and his face black. *D J.*] about noon he expir'd. *C.* His place is worth 60 l. per ann. *D P.* 100 l. *P.* He has left a wife and 2 children. *P. D J.* He had all the symptoms of poison. The Surgeons having viewed his body, were of opinion, that he died a natural death. *P.* — *This was an odd* opinion, *if he* had all the symptoms of poison.

The latter end of last week died at Cirencester, Mr. Bouchier, a relation to the Duke of Chandois. *C.* Mrs. Bouchier. *D P.*

Yesterday morning a man in Old-street, for a trifling wager drank a quart of Geneva, and died in about 3 hours. *C.*

MONDAY, *July* 17.

Yesterday the Right Hon. Sir Rob. Walpole came to his house at Chelsea from his seat at Norfolk; and afterwards waited on her Majesty at Kensington. *D J.*

A new Commission of the Peace for the County of Middlesex and Liberty of Westminster is passing the seals. *P.*

Yesterday the two Envoys from the Government of Algiers dined with Sir Cha. Wager at his house on Parsons Green, and had their own Cook to kill and dress for them. *D P.*

On saturday morning an unhappy accident happened at Mr. Rogers's in Chandos-street, Covent-garden. Mr. Rogers, who was going out of town, came back to his house for a paper, when hearing one of his children cry, he ask'd what was the matter, and was told by the child and another person, who was present, that the maid had on purpose swept some dust into the child's eyes; whereupon he ordered that she should immediately go out of his house, having caused some disturbances before, which she refused to do; upon which he went to push her out of the house, but she resisted, and fell upon the pit of her stomach against a chair, and afterwards with her temple against an iron grate, whereby she was so much bruised that she did not live above an hour afterwards, tho' all possible means were used for her recovery; but in vain. The said Mr. Rogers is committed to the Gatehouse. *D P.* The Coroner's Inquest brought in their verdict *man-slaughter. C. P. D J.*

Cambridge, July 14. About a fortnight since the Rev. Dr. Hacket, of Trinity College, resigned the Vicarage of Enfield in Hertfordshire, before a publick Notary, in the presence of the 16 senior Fellows of the said College; and thereupon his presentation to the Rectory of Pakenham in Norfolk, worth 300 l. per ann. was sealed, in consideration of his peculiar merits and abilities. —— The workmen are pulling down the stair-case leading to the old Regent house, in order to join that room to what was the Physick schools, for the more advantageous placing the magnificent collection of books, purchased of Bp. More's Executors, by his late Majesty King George I. *D J.*

TUESDAY, *July* 18.

On sunday last the new born son of the Hon. Hen. Vane, Esq; eldest son and heir to the R. Hon. the Lord Barnard, was baptized by the name of Frederick, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in person, his Grace the Duke of Cleveland, and the Hon. Mrs. Anne Vane, lately a maid of honour to her Majesty, being Godfathers and Godmother. *D P.*

On saturday between 6 and 7 in the evening, a country Inn-keeper was robbed by a highwayman in the cross road between the lower-street, Islington, and Kingsland, of 500 l. 10 s. for the recovery of which it is said he will sue the county. *P.*

There having been no sufficient purchasers for the late Earl of Ranelagh's fine house at Chelsea, the same is going to be lett in tenements, after the manner of Canbury-house near Islington. *D P.*

A few days since died the Rev. Mr. Copley, Rector of Thornhill in Yorkshire, a living said to be worth 500 l. per ann. and in the gift of Sir Geo. Saville, Bar. *C. D P.* —— On wednesday at his seat at Eaton Hall in Cheshire, Sir Ric. Grosvenor, Bar. leaving no issue: so the dignity and great estate descend to his 2d brother, now Sir Thomas, Representative for Chester. *C. D P. D J.* —— Yesterday morning died at her house in Lisle-street, Mrs. Tolhurst, a maiden Gentlewoman, possessed of a fortune of 20,000 l. left her by the Lady Cheney, lately deceased; which we hear she has bequeathed to the R. Hon. Lord Gower. *D P.*

Last week a private Centinel plac'd the butt end of his firelock against a step, and put the muzzle to his left breast, and with the rammer pushed the trigger, shot himself, and expired immediately. *D J.*

Dartmouth, July 11. Yesterday came in the Anne of Weymouth; on the 11t she met with a French ship, who sent his men aboard, and plundered out of her a silver watch, 6 silver spoons, half a hogshead of wine, &c. to the value of 15 l. *C. D J.* — *A* French *Guarde de costa.*

On saturday last a Fleet Parson was convicted before Sir Ric. Brocas, of 43 oaths (on the information of a Flyer for weddings there) for which a Warrant was granted to levy 4 l. 6 s. on the goods of the said Parson; but upon application to his Worship he was pleased to remit 1 s. per oath; upon which the Flyer swore he would swear no more against any man upon the like occasion, finding he could get nothing by it. *S J.* — *This was hard upon the* Parson, *and the* Flyer: *upon the former, to make his wit and politeness penal; upon the latter, to make him* swear for nothing.

Last week Mr. Angel of Isleworth, formerly an eminent Taylor, aged upwards of 70, was marry'd to Miss Lyne, an agreeable young Lady of the same place, of about 22. *L E.* — *I hope he is more than the ninth part of a* man *at this age, otherwise I fear he will live the life of a* dog.

On saturday died suddenly the Hon. Col. Egerton, Brother to his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater. *W E.* Last sunday as he was walking in his gardens. *C.* 19.

WEDNESDAY, *July* 19.

Rob. Pauncefort, Esq; is appointed Steward to his Royal Highness the Prince, in his manor of Kennington. *D J.*

Charles Hardy, Esq; Capt. of the yatch Carolina, was a few days ago chosen one of the Directors of Greenwich hospital. *D J.*

On sunday evening a Cornet of the Duke of Bolton's Blue Guards, and another Gentleman, coming from Kew in a chair, were attack'd by 2 highway men on Barnes-Common, who robb'd them of their gold watches and some silver. *D P.*

The same day dy'd at Bromfield in Essex, the R. Hon. Countess of Donnegal. *D P.*

From the PEGASUS *in Grub-ſtreet.*

In our laſt, Pag. 2. *col.* 2. *l.* 30. *after* raſcal, p. 35. *Read* the Devil's ſon. p. 25.

Line 62. *after* Epigram *read* occaſioned by the damning of the *Covent-Garden Tragedy.*

We are impatient here to learn the particulars of the Charter for eſtabliſhing the new Colony in GEORGIA. We can only yet gather in general, that it is calculated for the relief of the unfortunate, that all who go are to be free, to have Lands given them, and to be ſettled under a regular form of Government, with the rights and privileges of *Engliſhmen*; that there will be attempts made for raiſing Raw Silk, Vines, Olives, and other things, which ſucceed very well there, and do not grow well in *England*; and the people will be incouraged in bringing Raw Silk, Wine, and Oil to perfection, and be prohibited from making any Manufactures which may interfere with *Great Britain*. It is generally believed, that this Matter will, in a few years, conſiderably leſſen the poor's tax, by relieving great numbers of unfortunate people, and by giving employment to the Manufacturers in *England*, for furniſhing them with all kind of neceſſaries.

SIR, *Eaſtbourn, July* 10, 1732.

I here ſend an account of the water ſpout, word for word, as I had it from Mr. HURST, who was an eye witneſs of it, and is a man of credit. On June 16, 1732, about half an hour after 8 in the morning, about two miles from the ſhore in Pevenſey Bay, there appeared a very thick dark cloud, and from which deſcended a very large tube or ſpout, which gradually ſunk within 6 or 8 foot of the ſurface of the ſea, which made the water all in a ferment and motion. The water did not aſcend in a continued body, but ſometimes the Horizon might be ſeen through it; and in about half an hour the ſpout ſeemed to draw up into the cloud again, and ſo diſappeared, it being very calm fine weather. See *Philoſoph Tranſ* abrid vol. ii. pag. 104. concerning the water ſpout at Topſham, near Exeter. —— 'At other times theſe pipes and funnels are 'obſerved to come from the clouds, and ſuck up the wa'ter with great violence, p. 104. The water that was 'neareſt ſeemed to fly hither and thither, as tho' it 'would fain have made its eſcape from it.' p. 105.

The RETIREMENT.

1.

ALL hail, ye fields, where conſtant peace attends;
All hail, ye ſacred ſolitary groves;
All hail, ye books, my true, my laſting friends,
Whoſe converſation pleaſes and improves.

2.

Could one, who ſtudies your ſublimer rules,
Become ſo mad to ſeek for joys abroad?
To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
And undiſtinguiſh'd paſs among the crowd?

3.

To wild ambition many there a prey
Think happineſs in great preferment lyes;
Nor fear for that their Country to betray,
Gaz'd at by fools, and laugh'd at by the wiſe.

4.

More ſtill, whom eager hopes of wealth bewitch,
Their precious time conſume, t'increaſe their gain;
And fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the name.

5.

But moſt of all ſoft pleaſures charms invite
In one gay ſcene of ſenſual joys to live;
Who vainly hope to find that long delight
In vice, which virtue's charms alone can give.

6.

But how perplex'd, alas, is humane fate!
I, whom nor ſordid pelf, nor pleaſures move,
Who view with ſcorn the trophies of the Great,
Am made myſelf a wretched ſlave to love.

7.

If this dire paſſion never will be gone,
If beauty always muſt my heart inthrall,
O! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus become a prey to all.

8.

One, who has early known the pomp of ſtate,
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn)
And after having view'd the gawdy bait,
Can boldly ſay, The trifle I contemn.

9.

In her bleſt arms contented could I live,
Contented could I dye. —— But, O my mind
Imaginary ſcenes of bliſs deceive,
With hopes of things impoſſible to find.

10.

In woman how can ſenſe and beauty meet?
The wiſeſt men their youth in folly ſpend:
The beſt is he, who earlieſt knows the cheat,
And finds his error, while there's time to mend.

STREPHON.

Edinburgh, July 11. This morning died his Excellency Brigadier Gen. DE BOURGAY, an Officer of great conduct and experience. *C. P.* 18.

Important news from Ireland *in heroic verſe*, Dublin, *July* 8.

On wedneſday a young man, who was ſwimming was drown'd.
Laſt thurſday —— Tenniſon, Eſq; marry'd a Lady of ten thouſand pound. *P. DJ.*
On wedneſday Farrel and Riley to the gallows were tied,
But both denied the fact for which by hemp they died.
The Journeymen Shoemakers and Taylors on both theſe days
Were valiantly ingag'd in two moſt bloody frays;
In which the Gentle Craft won double glorious bays.
C. DP. DJ.

New York, May 22. On wedneſday laſt a woman of this City had liberty to go into a garden to gather a meſs of green herbs, and in gathering them, ſhe took hold of the top of a raddiſh, and pulling it up, found that the ſtem of the raddiſh grew out of the appearance of a child's hand and fingers; which being ſurprizingly ſtrange, it was carried before a Magiſtrate, who ordered it to be put into ſome ſpirits to preſerve it: the ſpirits became thick and ruddy, like blood and water, and did ſtink; whereupon they put it into freſh ſpirits, and it continues in the ſhape and colour of an human hand and 5 fingers, with ſinews and joints, which open and ſhut. —— It is to be ſeen at Serjeant Tingles in this City, and abundance of people reſort daily to ſee it. Some are of opinion, that an infant has been buried there, and the ſeed of the raddiſh to have taken root in the wriſt of the child's hand, and the vegetative quality of the raddiſh to have preſerved the fleſh from putrifying, or at leaſt to retain the colour and appearance of a hand and fingers of human fleſh, it being hard and very tough, like fleſh. *DJ.* 17.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THURSDAY, *July* 13.

Hague, July 1. N. S. The late Duke of Ormonde's being at Rome and Albano cannot be true; for by theſe letters we find him upon the road between Madrid and Barcelona. *P.*

Hambourg, July 12. A few days ſince the Magiſtrates annulled the ancient law touching majority; and enacted, that no male ſhall be accounted a major at 18, but at 22; nor any female as before at 14, but at 18. *DP. DJ.*

FRIDAY, *July* 14.

Paris, July 1 N. S. Extract of the French King's anſwer to the Duke of Lorrain's letter notifying his advancement to the dignity of Vice-roy of Hungary. ——

'Whatever oppoſition the times may have raiſed between 'my intereſts and thoſe of the Imperial houſe, I hope the 'place you are in will not give me any occaſion to change 'my ſentiments with regard to your family.' *P.*

The late Prince of Schwartzemberg had ſuch a miſgiving of ſome accident in his journey to Prague, that having ſpoke of it to ſeveral intimate friends, he made his will the day before he ſet out, which he ſigned with theſe words in his mouth, That he ſhould never ſee Vienna again. *P.* —— *Let our* Free-thinkers *account for this* miſgiving, *upon their own principles, if they can.*

SATURDAY, *July* 15.

This day arrived the Mails from Holland *and* Flanders.

Vienna, July 9. They write from Conſtantinople, that the Grand Seignior had declared to the Engliſh Ambaſſador, that if the King of Spain ſhould attack the Republicks of Barbary under the protection of the Porte, he muſt ſupport them with all his might. *WE. LE.*

TUESDAY, *July* 18.

Yeſterday arrived the Mail from Holland.

Extract of a letter from Seville, *dated July* 8. N. S. — The Spaniſh troops landed near Oran the 29. The next day the King's army, and that of the Moors, conſiſting of about 20,000 men, came to an action, wherein the latter were defeated. The Spaniards had 30 men killed and 170 wounded. On the 1ſt they entered Oran. The enemy's army was to have been reinforced with 10,000 Moors, and 6000 Turks from Algiers: but theſe hearing of the defeat made the beſt of their way back. There were found in the town and caſtles of Oran, 80 braſs cannon, 50 iron, 12 field pieces, a great quantity of ammunition, grain in abundance, a great number of ſheep, oxen, and poultry, a vaſt quantity of wool, proviſions for 3 months. *C. P. DJ.* — -- *I cannot accede to* my Brother DP.'s *opinion, that theſe* poultry *had no* cocks, *nor* chicken *among them; and fear he was a little miſtaken in tranſlating the french word by* pullets.

The Beak Galley arrived in the river, came from Cadiz the 29th ult. ſhe brings advice that the Spaniards loſt 4000 men, 2 entire regiments, one Iriſh and the other French, with a Major General, having been cut off by an ambuſcade, which loſs they aſcribed to falſe intelligence received from the French Conſul, of the Town being deſerted. The Moors are ſaid to have loſt 7000 men. *DJ.*

On Tueſday Stocks were

South Sea Stock was 98 1 qr. 98 3 8ths to 1 half, for the Opening. South Sea Annuity 110 3 8ths, to 1 half. Bank 149 1 half. New Bank Circulation 8 l. 10 s. Premium. India 167, 167 1 half, for the Opening. Three per Cent. Annuity 98 7 8ths to 99, for ditto. Royal Exchange Aſſurance 100, without the Dividend. London Aſſurance 13 3 8ths, to 1 half. York Buildings 4 1 half, to 5. African 40. Engliſh Copper 21. 6s. Welch ditto 11 15s. South Sea Bonds 3 l. 17 s. to 18 s. Premium. India ditto 6 l. 19 s. to 7 l. ditto. Blanks 7 l. 10 s. 20 l. Prizes 20 l.

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By *JOHN WILLIAMS*.

PROPOSALS may be had of (and SUBSCRIPTIONS taken in for the Author by) W. Meadows, at the Angel, in Cornhill; T. Aſtley, at the Roſe, and S. Auſten, at the Angel and Bible in St. Paul's Church-Yard; C. Davis, Pater-Noſter-Row; T. Woodward, at the Half-Moon, L. Gilliver, at Homer's Head, and J. Stephens, at the Hand and Star, between the Two Temple-Gates; B. Motte, at the Middle Temple-Gate; T. Worral, at Judge Coke's Head, H. Walthoe, next Door to the Rainbow Coffee-Houſe, W. Reaſon, in Flower-de-Luce-Court, J. Ilfted, at the Golden-Ball, near Chancery-Lane, Fleet-Street; F. Gyles, over-againſt Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holborn; O. Payne, in Round-Court, and T. Game, at the Bible, by the New Church, in the Strand; T. Green, Charing-Croſs; J. Jackſon, in Pallmall; J. Jolliffe, at the Bible, in St. James's-Street; J. Brindley, at the King's Arms, and W. Shropſhire, oppoſite to the Duke of Grafton's, New Bond-Street; and J. Stagg, Weſtminſter-Hall, Bookſellers: J. Hodgeonſon, in Bartholomew-Cloſe, and T. Gover, by Fleet-Ditch, Black-Fryers, Printers.

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June 12, 1732.

By PERMISSION of

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The Right Honourable the Lord Raymond, Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench.
The Right Honourable Arthur Onslow, Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons.
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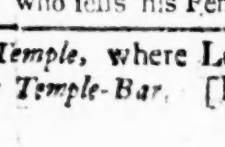

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